

83
Henry Purdon
N^o. 1747

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T H E

D I A B O L I A D:

A N D

D I A B O - L A D Y.

THE

DIABOLICAL

AND

DIABOLICAL

written

THE

by

DIABOLIAD:

Coorbe^{-K} - A author of

POEM.

Doctor Syntaxe

DEDICATED TO THE

WORST MAN

IN

HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

ALSO, THE

DIABO-LADY:

OR, A

MATCH IN HELL.

TO REIGN IS WORTH AMBITION, THO' IN HELL!—

MILTON.

L O N D O N :

Printed : And DUBLIN Reprinted. 1777.



DEDICATION

TO THE

WORST MAN

IN

HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not the honour of being acquainted with your Lordship; and as I do not wish there should be any attempt to violate my property, to estrange the affections of my wife, to seduce my daughter, or corrupt my son;

A 3

it

12.
22

vi DEDICATION.

it is a matter of real satisfaction to me, that I have not formed any connections with you.

To address you, my Lord, in the name you derive from your Ancestors, would be treating you, in common with those who have no titles to distinguish them from the herd of ordinary men. The most eminent Bards, Orators, Philosophers, and Statesmen, have felt greater delight, and received an higher fame from titles characteristic of their excellence, than imperial favour could bestow. Does not Mr. *Garrick's* character, my Lord, derive an honour from the application of those titles he so well deserves, the *Reformer of the Stage*, the *Great Theatrical Example*, the *British Actor*, &c. &c. with which his particular name

has

D E D I C A T I O N. ivii

has no more to do, than any other which has been used for the purposes of social distinction? If I were to quote to your Lordship an opinion of *Solomon's*, you might, perhaps, imagine him to be Jew-broker, a near relation, a familiar servant, or a character in a Comedy; but when I mention a saying of the *Wise Man*, your Lordship will immediately perceive, by this distinguishing characteristic appellation, that I mean no less a personage than *the King of Israel*. How faint does *General, Sir Jeffery*, or even *Lord Amberst* sound, when compared with the *Conqueror of America*! And how insipid is the title of *General, Sir William*, or even *Lord Howe*, on a comparison with the *Re-conquerors of it*--- should the wishes of Great Britain be compleated!

Cicero

viii DEDICATION.

Cicero and many others among the Antients owed their names to some personal peculiarity or defect, and the misfortune of bandy legs gave a well-known title to one of our own Monarchs. I do not know, my Lord, that Nature has been guilty of any inattention to your form; and if she had, it would not have concerned me, who look to the mind as the best source of name and title. Though, if I had time, and it were to the purpose, we might find it matter of curious speculation to enquire, why the poorest and most ignoble man on earth, if capricious Nature has placed a hunch upon his back, should be honoured with the same title as your Lordship, and without the formalities of a Royal Patent.

But

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But to proceed.---The bulk of mankind, who are incapable of nice observation, and to whom, if they were capable, it would be useless, look not to the more intermediate state of human character; but, passing at once to the extremes, fix their attention on the Best and Worst of Men. Your Lordship need not, therefore, be afraid, that you will escape that celebrity which I mean to bestow by this Dedication. However, not to omit any thing which may produce your conviction, I shall beg leave, my Lord, to acquaint you, that many years ago, when mankind in general were not so enlightened and informed, more particularly with respect to character, as they are at present, a Letter was published, addressed

To

x DEDICATION.

To the Most Impudent Man Living ; a title far more vague and indeterminate than that which I have done myself the honour of giving to your Lordship. Nevertheless, the public eye immediately discovered to whom this poor performance, for it was a very poor one, was addressed, though he was sheltered, where one would think impudence could not find a shelter, in the bosom of the Church.

There are many in the world, who think the perfection of their abilities to consist in making their vices the means of attracting the notice of mankind. Your Lordship's own heart will tell you, that you are one of the number ; and surely you will think all
further

DEDICATION. xi

further reasoning on this subject nugatory and impertinent, when I assure you, my Lord, that your success has been equal to your wishes.

However, if you are not convinced by my arguments; and the propriety of that title which my pen has bestowed upon you should be a matter of doubt in your Lordship's breast; will you, my Lord, do me the favour to travel a few lines farther, and hear my excuses for the liberty I have taken? You will therefore pardon me, if I am now obliged to turn from so important an object as Lord -----, to so inconsiderable an Individual as myself.

I was

xii DEDICATION.

I was not born to refine and polish my own Compositions! The long habit of making rapid sketches of men and things, has rendered me wholly incapable of filling up an Outline with those effectual masses of light and shade, and that happy, harmonious mixture of colours, which distinguish the work of judicious application. I know, my Lord, that I am a careless writer: The inaccuracies of this Address, and the pages which succeed it, will, I fear, fully prove my assertion. Nevertheless, I feel a self-complacency resulting from this performance, unlaboured as it may be, which I am sure your Lordship would wish me to possess as my solace and my reward. This satisfaction, therefore, I cannot suffer to be diminished,

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nished, nor my allowable vanity to be mortified, by prefixing a name to my work, which is to be continually seen in the annual pages of the *blushing* Register, and which you never suffer to be erased from the Journals of your Tradesmen.

I am, my Lord, with due respect,

Your Lordship's sincere Friend,

• • • • •

THE

T H E

D I A B O L I A D.

DIABOLIA

T H B

D I A B O L I A D.

THE DEVIL, grown old, was anxious to
prepare

A fit Successor for the Infernal Chair.

At length, he summon'd forth his chosen band ;

And thus the Monarch gave his last command :

B

“ Expand

" Expand your fable wings, and speed to Earth
 " To every Knave of Power, and Imp of Birth,
 " Statesmen and Peers, these welcome tidings
 " tell,

" That I resolve to quit the Throne of HELL:
 " But, ere I cease to reign, 'twill be my care
 " From my dear Children to elect an Heir.
 " For this important end, I now proclaim,
 " And swear by SATAN's high and mighty name,
 " That ere the positing Sun's resplendent ray
 " Dawns on the Upper World another day,
 " With all terrific pomp, I will appear
 " On the dark, ebon Throne of HELL, to hear
 " The Claimants of its honours each display
 " Their titles—to my proud, imperial sway.
 " This purpose let my favourite Mortals know,
 " And give them convoy to my realms be-
 " low."

They heard, and instant soar'd upon the wind;
 The infernal Regions soon were left behind.

By

By whirlwinds borne, they urge the rapid flight,
 Till, gently fluttering round the giddy height
 Of PAUL's black, sooty Dome, they unob-
 serv'd alight.

In strict obedience to their King's command,
 The human shape assum'd, along the STRAND
 They bend their course, to where the *Scaffold* stood
 That whilom smok'd with streams of royal blood :
 And where, I trust, if Tyrant Kings succeed
 To spurn our sacred Laws,—those Kings shall
 bleed.

Here they disperse :—Some take their fav'rite
 way
 To those fam'd mansions—where the Sons of Play
 By trick and rapine share a base reward ;
 Shake the false dye, and pack the ready card :
 In solemn tone their errand they proclaim,
 Their high commission, and their Sovereign's name.

With joy and wonder struck, the Parties rise !

Gilpatrick "Hell is worth trying for," F***** cries ;

Pigeons are left unpluck'd, the game unplay'd,

Doyle - - - And F—— forgets the certain Bett he made ;

Silwen - E'en S—I—n feels Ambition fire his breast,

And leaves, half-told, the fabricated Jest.

Well-pleas'd, th' Infernal Ministers resume
Their real forms, and thro' the midnight gloom,
On wide-stretch'd wings the eager Claimants
bore

To the dank darkness of the Stygian shore.

The rest of Hell's industrious Band resort

To the corrupted Purlieus of the Court ;

To lure the Statesman from his deep-lay'd scheme,

To wake the Courtier from his golden dream,

Chamberlain And make the C—b—I—n desire to hold

Hell's weighty Sceptre,—for 'tis made of gold.

Sure he'd resign for such a tempting fee !

HELL's Sceptre far outweighs the golden Key !

But

But cautious H***** shrinks, when risks *Amthard*
are run,

And leaves such Honours for his ELDEST SON.

Now prowling onwards to the noisome caves
Where PROSTITUTION rules her needy slaves,
They tempt the Lordling, by Ambition's charms,
From the rank pleasures of a Harlot's arms ;
Then, with the Mortal Croud, they bend their
flight

To the dark realms of everlasting Night.

Lords of the Chamber,—Ministers of State,
With Sons of Lords, and Hirelings of the Great ;
Men whom the Villain only loves, the Worthy
hate ;

Follow'd by Pimps, Bawds, Parasites and Whores,
In crouds, approach'd Hell's adamantine doors.

As

As they came onward, MERCURY the gay *
 With lively greetings met them on the way ;
 He was the brisk Sir *Clement Cotterell* of the day. }

The

* If the Orthodox Critic should here observe, that I have thrown a slight upon *his* Devil, by introducing so great an Heathen as *Mercury* to his employment, he will discover, when he lowers his eyes to this part of the page, that I have made the observation before him.—But, if according to some of the ancient Christian Fathers, his *Satanic Majesty* was supposed, for his own private ends, to concern himself with the Heathen Oracles, Sybils, and Pythoneesses, I may, surely, under their respectable authority, make him have occasional recourse to another of the same family, without the least degradation. Besides, I had not one of the Rabbinical Writers within my reach, while I was writing this Poem, to give me the name of SATAN's Gentleman Usher : so that, to save myself trouble, which I at all times hate and detest, I borrowed an acquaintance from the Grecian Poets.—Again, if my Critic will but consider of whom the troop consisted which received safe conduct from this winged guide, he must esteem *Mercury*, who is (Heathenly speaking) the presiding Genius of rogues, sharpers, &c. as properly introduced to be their conductor.—And, as an Orthodox Critic must consider all such in the light of Heathens, my application to the Pagan Mythology will not appear so *mal apropos* as he at first imagined.

The winged God thrice wav'd his magic wand !
 The massive doors acknowledg'd his command ;
 And, to the Claimants wond'ring Eyes, display'd
 SATAN in all his gloomy pomp array'd.
 High, in his throne, on golden columns rear'd,
 The venerable King of Hell appear'd.
 In his right Hand a weighty mace he bore,
 And on his brow a regal crown he wore ;
 Begirt around with spiral flames, which shed
 A silver lustre o'er his aged head.
 Beneath the Throne, arrang'd in order, sat
 The long establish'd Council of the State.
 In every hand the flaming torches wave,
 And cast their splendor through th' imperial cave.
 High in the vault the fiery Dragons shone,
 And Monsters, whose dire shape was never known
 To mortal fantasy,—when, Reason flown,
 Fear fills the mind with spectres of her own.
 With flaky flames the distant region glow'd,
 Whose angry light, in all their horrors, shew'd
Those

Those fields of fire where guilty Spirits dwell,
And in loud ceaseless shrieks their anguish tell,
Nor respite know :—Hope cannot enter there,
To calm their sorrows or to soothe despair.

With horrid clangor now the clarion sounds ;
Through the dark dome the jarring thunder bounds.
Then rose the King ;—and all th' Infernal Croud
With threefold reverence to their Monarch bow'd.
Throughout the Court the expecting murmur ran,
But soon was hush'd ;—when SATAN thus began.

“ Thousands of years have pass'd since, first,

“ I fell

“ Into the deep abyss of flaming Hell ;

“ And many an age since my Almighty Foe

“ Gave me dominion in these realms below.

“ Ambition's Slave, from Heaven I was hurl'd

“ Down to the depths of this Infernal World.

“ Tho'

“ Tho’ Heaven was lost, Ambition still possess’d

“ Its darling Empire in my haughty breast.

“ My Tribes, with fruitless expectation cheer’d,

“ And Patriot zeal, this gloomy palace rear’d—

“ Here fix’d my throne,—here formed my

“ awful state,

“ And to my will resigned their future fate.

“ But, cloy’d with power, my Ambition’s o’er;

“ The boasted charms of Empire are no more!

“ Hear then my Children, hear your Sire de-

“ clare,

“ Of Hell’s dominions He shall be the Heir,

“ Whose past life bore the most obdurate crimes;

“ Who gave new vigour to degenerate times;

“ False to his God, who every Law defy’d,

“ Thief, Traytor, Hypocrite and Parricide;

“ Let him who claims these Titles as his own,

“ Come forward, prove his claim,—and take

“ the crown.”

The

The Monarch ceas'd!—F*** foremost stood *Hy. Latius*
 And wav'd his hand to hush the murmuring crowd.
 Then graceful bow'd around; but, ere he spoke,
 SATAN again the awful silence broke:

“ Well-meaning Youth! thy great and noble

“ aim

“ Deserves remembrance in the rolls of Fame!

“ But know, for to thyself 'tis yet unknown,

“ These Characters of Ill thou canst not own.

“ Within the deep recesses of thy breast

“ The pregnant seeds of many a virtue rest.

“ Now baneful passions do their place supply,

“ And check their progress to maturity.

“ The feverish ardor of disastrous Game

“ Burns with a furious, unrelenting flame;

“ And daily seeks to quench its parching thirst

“ By deeds esteem'd the noblest and the first

“ In Hell's black Calendar,—The foul design

“ To make another's wealth, by treachery, thine;

To

“ To charm, with pleasing arts, the artless Heir, }
 “ To call thee friend,——then lay th’ un- }
 “ erring snare, }
 “ Pocket his fleeting gold,——and leave him }
 “ to despair. }

“ But I, who every distant Age can see,
 “ Whose keen look kens the vast Futurity,
 “ Ill-pleas’d thy alter’d character behold,
 “ No more by hungry Appetites controll’d;
 “ From every hateful vice and passion free,
 “ Lov’d by the Gods above—and lost to Me!
 “ Farewel!——Thy well-meant efforts will be
 “ vain!
 “ Cherubs attend to bear thee back again!”

In order due, VOLPONE next appear’d;
 Loose was his hair, unshaven was his beard:
 O’er his whole face was spread a yellow hue,
 Borrow’d, perhaps, from some relenting Jew

Not

Not anxious to be paid.—Gold he had none ;

Th' inverted pocket told that all was gone.

But ere he made his claim to Hell's rewards,

His right hand wav'd aloft the fatal Cards.

Then, smiling, thus he spoke ;——“ All-gracious

“ power !

“ Who from my natal to the present hour,

“ Didst o'er my life, with fostering care,

“ preside,

“ My Friend, my Guardian, and my faithful

“ Guide !

“ How weak the Task my Actions to review !

“ You know them all, dread Sir, they sprung

“ from You ’

“ And now, I trust, 'tis You alone suggest

“ The great, determined purpose of my breast,

“ To try my chance, at this important hour,

“ And *stake my Soul* against your sov'reign

“ power—

“ Who .

“ Who wins have both.”——“ Thy soul’s al-
 “ ready mine,”

SATAN replied :—“ and I this day assign
 “ Thy earthly duty.—Hence, begone, to bait,
 “ With mastiff zeal,—a Minister of State.”

“ Poor *Charles* dismiss’d, next comes a noble
 Peer,

Grooms, Pimps, and Link-boys, give the triple
 cheer.”

His right hand bore a Horse-shoe and a Bit ; *P. Pembroke*
 His left, a Book by *Angelana* writ ;
 To whose fair pages—anxious after fame,
 His Lordship ventur’d to prefix his name.
 A Wife complain’d that matrimonial dues
 Were nightly wasted in the wanton stews ;
 A Friend lamented how he was beguil’d,
 And mourn’d a ruin’d and forsaken Child ;

While

While two attendant Parsons boldly swore,
 They never wanted—but he paid the Whore :
 Then loud proclaim'd his knowledge in the
 wiles
 Of drabby *Drury* and of low *St. Giles*.
 E'en Saint-like *GODBY* blasts her eyes; and
 swears,

Bembrook P*****'s the most abandon'd of his Peers*.

His

* This noble person, verging to that time of life when he may say of the Brothels, "I myself have no pleasure in them," is fond of introducing Gentlemen of the Black Cloth and Character into these places, where he enjoys the contemplation of their pleasures, and pays for them. *Mrs. Godby's* piety suffers very much upon these occasions, and can only be equalled by his L*****'s refinement, which is so universally known, that I expect every day to hear of its being sung in a proverb.

It is not impossible that the scene of the two M—ly—ts, Father and Son, may be acted over again, and again, when a certain young Nobleman returns from his travels.

Godby's Nocturnals, p. 116.

N. B. The

His Vouchers done, with simper on his cheek
He silent stood ;—for P ^{unbrook} ***** cannot
speak ;

When the sage Council, with one voice de-
clare——

“ Rough-riders would disgrace a *regal Chair*. ”

Without one Virtue that can grace a name ;
Without one Vice that e'er exalts to Fame ;
The despicable B ***** next appears, *Beauchamp*
His bosom panting with its usual fears :
He strives in vain,——and fruitless proves the
art,
To hide, with vacant smile, the treacherous
heart.

The

N. B. The manuscript from which this last note is
taken, will make its appearance in due time, and un-
fold some transactions which the world little thinks
of.

Conway

The faithful HARRY * stands not by his side,
His learned Counsel, and his constant guide ;

Who

* This young Nobleman's character is, in every respect, a striking contrast to his ——— ; but the following Anecdote will give a very strong explanation of my idea concerning him.—When Mr. C—— F—— proposed him to be elected into one of the fashionable clubs, he was almost universally black-balled. Mr. F——, who *at that time* had great interest there, was much surprised that his friend should be thus rejected. But as he concluded, and not without reason, that the universal disgust in which the family of his Friend was held had prevented his success, he proposed him again, with a declaration, on his honour, that Mr. C had not one quality in common with any of his family. The event justified Mr. F——'s penetration, on the second Ballot not a single black-ball appeared against his friend.—— This Anecdote has been asserted to me as fact: but be that as it may, the principle of it is founded in truth, and serves the purpose of doing justice to a most amiable Character, whose great merit the Author of these pages, who sincerely loves him, is glad to attest.

Who for an hard earn'd, narrow competence,
 Supplies his tongue with words, his head with
 sense †.

At length, recovered from his huge affright,
 He, stammering, reads the Speech he did not
 write :

“ Curst with hereditary love of pelf,
 “ I hate all human beings but myself ;

C

“ Cross

† It is not uncommon for an avaricious Father to saddle a younger Brother for a maintenance on the elder, especially if he has a place. And if the latter should possess an hereditary baseness, he will carry on the spirit of *conditionalizing*, and insist that the former shall, in return, give him the use of his understanding. It too often happens that elder brothers want spirit and understanding, and that younger ones who have both in an eminent degree, stand in need of a provision. It is hard that Worth and Genius should be so situated ! but this is among the fore evils under the Sun !

34 THE DIABOLIAD.

“ Cross and perplex my wife, because she
prov’d,

“ Poor girl!—not rich enough to be lov’d.

“ But all return my hate :—where’er I go,

“ My coward eye beholds a ready foe.

“ And tho’ to Earth’s extremes my feet I
“ bend,

“ These arms would ne’er embrace a real
“ friend.

“ When my breast throbs with unrelenting
“ grief,

“ No friendly Spirits bring the kind relief.

“ If I sink down beneath oppressing pain,

“ Surrounding foes rejoice as I complain.

“ I’m scoff’d by those, who from my hand have
“ prov’d

“ That kindness which would make *another*
“ lov’d;

“ Men

" Men, who to other Patrons bend their
" knee,

" Are proud of their Ingratitude to me.

" Thus, without Friends on earth, I humbly
" sue

" To find, my gracious Liege, a Friend in
" you.

" Hated by all,—I'm fit to be allied

" To your Imperial State!"—The King re-
plied :

" If vacant smiles and hypocritic air

" Could form pretensions to this sov'reign

" Chair;

" If my pale Crown by *meanness* could be

" won,

" Who'd have so fair a claim as H*****s.

" Son ?

“ But Meanness is a Vice which Devils dis-

“ dain !

“ Should’st thou attempt, base Mortal, here

“ to reign,

“ To wield the Sceptre,—and to wear my

“ Crown ;

“ The infernal Host would rise to cast thee

“ down,

“ With furious zeal, where outcast Spirits

“ lie,

“ In the dark dens of gnashing Infamy.

“ Such minds as thine,—Observe the truth I

“ tell !

“ *Find neither Friends on Earth,—nor Friends*

in Hell.

Appall’d

Appall'd the hapless Lordling sneak'd away,
And Harpies hiss'd him to the realms of Day*.

The

* Several of my friends who were kind enough to approve, and, indeed, enforce the publication of this little Work, seemed to think that I had frustrated my intention of marking the insignificance of this Character, by giving so many lines to the delineation of it. But as the bold strokes are more easily imitated than the finer pencillings of nature, those colourless bad qualities which have not sufficient strength or spirit to rise into daring, manly vice, require a great length of description to impress them properly on the attention of the Reader. Indeed, it is my serious opinion, that this man's life would be a profitable lesson to the world, to prove, that *meannefs of spirit*, though unaccompanied by any bold, open violations of virtue, will ever be more contemptible, obnoxious, and distressing, than any of those public vices which are seldom wholly unconnected with some sort of principle, and often originate from the same source with many virtues. The ebullitions of youth, the spur of necessity, the prevalence of example may hurry to enormities. In these cases, however, the cause is not always difficult to be removed, and frequently removes itself. The effects will then cease, and honour and virtue return.

B ut

The murmurs hush'd,—the Herald straight
proclaim'd

Solomon

S—L—N the witty next in order nam'd

But

But a mean spirit, as in this example, is a low, sneaking, base, fixed propensity to what is bad, which it loves; and yet is compelled by its fears to assume the semblance of good, which it hates. It is wholly incorrigible, and attends the Character it has once possessed through every degree of station and of life; and is very seldom or never known to rise into momentary courage or spirit; unless suicide, to which it has sometimes applied for a dismissal from universal contempt may be considered as examples of them.

But this subject, which I have already extended beyond the limits of a note, shall be considered in a separate publication, illustrated and proved by anecdotes of the Character before me when he was at School, the University, in France, Ireland, Warwickshire, and London; as a School-boy, a Collegian, a Traveller, a Secretary, a Militia-commander, a Husband, and so on to the present times,—with collateral relations.

But he was gone to hear the dismal yells
Of tortur'd Ghosts and suffering Criminals.

Tho' summon'd thrice, he chose not to re-
turn,

Charm'd to behold the crackling Culprits
burn.

With GEORGE, all know Ambition must give
place,

When there's an *Execution* in the case.*

Then

* I would not be guilty of injustice to any Character. *George* does not want humanity! nay he has an uncommon portion of this virtue: it extends even to the *gallows*; and is well known to have bedewed his cheeks with tears at the lamentable fate of that *pious personage*, commonly called, *Sixteen-String Jack*. And I may venture to assert, that he never saw a man hang'd in his life, but when the *sport was over*, he would have been really happy to have restored him to life. It requires a kind of knowledge which every body does not possess, to reconcile the apparent contradiction

L. d. d. d. d. Then in Succession came a Peer of words,
 Well known—and honour'd in the House of
 Lords,

Whose

traditions in the human character. However, I shall not, at present enter further upon the subject, than to observe, that there are certain propensities in the mind, which, being long indulged, become irresistible; and stand between Men and their best interests. All the World knows that Mr. S—— is attached to gaming, and that when he games, he wishes to win. And there are many will tell you, that this love of play, when it has taken root, becomes the leading, if not the sole, propensity of the human breast. But in the Character before me, there is an evident example of two leading propensities in the same mind, which, upon certain occasions, form a spirit of accommodation, and blend with each other. This very Gentleman, though he had made a very considerable bet that he should not be at a certain execution, was, notwithstanding, discovered to be actually present at the *spectacle*, dressed like an old woman, in a joseph and bonnet, and seated on horseback, &c. &c. This is a twofold irresistible propensity! Nevertheless, George is a man of humanity.

Whose Eloquence all Parallel defies !

So SANDWICH says, and SANDWICH never
lies.

No doubt, the partial Earl delights to see,

In this young Lord, his own Epitome.

Behind him came, in Regimentals drest,

The brazen *Gorget* hanging on his breast,

Th' obsequious Cousin, ready to obey, *Capt. Ascouph*

Whate'er might be the business of the day.

With solemn look the conscious Peer began

Thus to address the *Military Man* :

“ Friend, Cousin, Pimp, or by whatever

“ name

“ You would be *blasted* by the trump of

“ Fame,

“ Approach, and lend me now unusual aid !

“ You, my brave Soldier, never are afraid,

“ But

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“ But when the critic brow of Ladies frown :

“ With thy assistance, I shall mount the

“ Throne ;

“ And then, to thee, my Coz, these Powers

“ shall bend,

“ Their Monarch's favourite Counsellor and

“ Friend.

“ Oft at thy curious vice I've stood a-

“ maz'd,

“ While *half fledg'd Subalterns*, with wonder,

“ gaz'd.

“ Of you their sage *Lieutenant, Ensigns* learn

“ The weakness of all Virtue to discern !

“ You fill their brains with Honour and Re-

“ nown ;

“ And teach them how to live—*upon the*

“ *Town* ;

“ To

“ To whore, to bully, to blaspheme, to
“ game,

“ To scorn the boyish blush and honest
“ shame ;

“ And having vers’d them in each common
“ evil,

“ Lead them to Masques to personate the
“ Devil :

“ Their grateful Parents will your pains re-
“ quite,

“ And fill the Boxes on an Author’s Night.

“ ’Twas you unlock’d a pious parent’s doors
“ For Panders, Gamesters, Whores, and Sons
“ of Whores ;

“ And, with uncommon filial duty blest,

“ Sent her from Hell on earth, in Heaven to
“ rest.

“ But

“ But to my purpose.—In the world

“ above,

“ Bound by resembling characters and love,

“ We liv’d together, and together stray’d

“ In Vice’s public walk and secret shade.

“ I found thee apt in every artful wile,

“ Proud to defame, and eager to beguile.

“ Whene’er I sigh’d to practise a Deceit,

“ In thee, my Coz, I found the ready Cheat.

“ Whene’er I wanted Falsehood to supply

“ The place of Truth,—you found the ready

“ Lie.

“ When, to give spirit to some tedious hour

“ I wish’d to see the Pedant Parson lour,

“ To make the Simple stare, the Virtuous

“ sigh,—

“ Your tongue pour’d forth the ready Blas-

“ phemy.

“ But

“ But now the scene is chang’d ; that farce is

“ o’er,

“ And e’en your Falseness will assist no more.

“ Start not at what I say,—well-temper’d

“ Youth !

“ Be not alarm’d—you now must speak the

“ truth.

“ Look not so pale, ’twill suit your nature

“ well ;

“ You ly’d *on Earth*, and you *speak truth in*

“ *Hell.*”

This cheer’d him much, and made his cheeks

to glow,

And sav’d his bosom from the threat’ning

woe ;

Which when his Lordship saw, in haughty

tone

He thus laid claim to the Infernal Throne.

“ Is

“ Is there a guilty deed I have not done ? ”

“ What say you, Coz ? ” The Captain an-

“ swer’d, “ None ! ”

“ Have I not whor’d myself, and made thee
whore ? ”

“ Confirm it with an oath ! ”—The Captain

“ swore.

“ Have I not acted every Villain’s part ? ”

“ Have I not broke a Noble Parent’s heart ? ”

“ By deeds of ill have I not seem’d to live ? ”

The Captain gave a bold affirmative.

“ Do not I daily boast, how I’ve betrayed

“ The tender Widow, and the virtuous Maid ? ”

“ These serious crimes you know, and many

“ more :

“ Swear, Sir ! ”—By *Egypt’s Queen* the Cap-
tain swore !

one:

(The

(The Queen who lur'd him to disgrace his
cloth,
And gave him bread, now serv'd him for an
oath).

But as he spoke, there issued from the
croud,

Irishman
***** the base, the cruel, and the proud;

And eager cried, " I boast superior claim

" To Hell's dark Throne, and ***** is my *Irishman*
" name.

" What, shall that stripling Lord contend with
" me ?

" I have four Sons as old and bad as he !

" Whate'er he swears, I'll swear—he says, I'll
" say !

" And look, All gracious King, *my hairs are*
" grey !"

Th'

Th' astonish'd Demons on each other gaz'd,
 And SATAN's self sat silent and amaz'd ;
 Revolving, in his dubious mind, the state
 And crimes of each aspiring Candidate ;
 When clanking chains, and doleful shrieks were
 heard,
 And injur'd *****'s raving Ghost ap-
 pear'd* :
 His bosom heav'd with many a torturing sigh,
 And bloody streams gush'd forth from either
 eye.

With.

* See the *Letters of Junius*, where the able Writer has observed, with his usual spirit and good sense, upon this guilty transaction. *Junius* felt for human nature, and would not suffer his pen to trace all the particulars of it. To degrade the Criminal, they should be remembered ; but for the sake of humanity, they had better be forgotten.

With piteous look he did a Tale unfold,
 Black with such horrid deeds, that, being told,
 Hell's craggy vaults with acclamations ring,
 And joyful shouts of—^{Trinham} “***** shall be
 “ King !”

F I N I S.

D

... of the ...
... with ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

T H E
D I A B O - L A D Y.

D 2

DIABOLICAL

T H E
D I A B O - L A D Y :

O R,
A M A T C H I N H E L L.

A
P O E M.

D E D I C A T E D T O T H E
W O R S T W O M A N
I N
H E R M A J E S T Y ' S D O M I N I O N S.

O Fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
How art thou lost !

MILTON.

L O N D O N :
Printed : And D U B L I N Reprinted. 1777.

THE

DIARY OF A

WOMAN

IN

THE

WEST INDIES

BY

MRS. J. H. B. B.

LONDON:

1854.

DEDICATION

TO THE

WORST WOMAN

IN

HER MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

MADAM, OR, MY LADY,

AS I am happily but little acquainted with Ladies in high life, I confess myself perfectly ignorant either of your
rank

DEDICATION.

rank or demerits ; which has reduced me to the aukward necessity of this vague and indefinite address. The character above described will, no doubt, be severally and particularly applied, according to the World's guess, knowledge, or malevolence ; and a certain consciousness in some female breasts, may possibly make them conclude themselves to be the persons obliquely aimed at in this place ; but I hereby declare, that I had no specific Female in view when I sat down to write this Dedication ; and shall therefore refer my fair Readers to the known Adage of, *Qui capit, ille fecit* ; which for their sakes, I shall translate, by a
synonymous

DEDICATION.

synonimous English Proverb, *Whom the Cap fits, e'en let them wear it.*

The following Verses, be assured of it, Madam, are the first *Juvenalian* Lines I ever composed, in my life ; but being a sort of Knight-errant in my Nature, I confess I felt myself considerably piqued, for the honour of your sex, upon perusing a Poem called *The DIABOLIAD*, lately published ; and not seeing any manner of reason, why or wherefore Women have not as good a right, where equal merits appear, to be *damned to everlasting fame*, as well as Men, I have thus boldly ventured to enter the lists of chivalry

DEDICATION.

valry against that partial author, and
measure my lance with his, in the ex-
tensive *Campus Martius* of Satire.

“ Tremble, thou wretch !
“ That hast within thee undivulged
“ crimes,
“ Unwhipt of Justice !”

We neither of us pretend to stile
ourselves Poets (I speak for myself,
at least); so that to carry on the al-
lusion above made, we may be con-
sidered rather as *Squires*, than *Knights*,
in this species of literature. But as
Indignation is said to inspire Verse,
we have equally, and I think com-
mendably

DEDICATION.

mendably too, expressed our resentment against the numerous vices and gross immoralities of the times.

The example of Superiors is a matter of great moment to the inferior classes of mankind. The vices of the Great naturally descend; but those of the Vulgar seldom rise. People of rank must stoop to them, ere they receive the infection. The depravity of a single Peer or Peerefs, about St. James's, diffuses more poisonous effects thro' the Town, than all the profligacy of St. Giles's.

Possibly,

DEDICATION.

Possibly, the corrupt manners of the present age may not exceed those of former times; but there is this peculiar distinction to be observed between them, that, upon a comparison, the purity, virtue and decorum, of our King and Queen form so striking a Contrast with the Corruption of manners among the generality of our Nobility, and other respectable ranks of life, in this kingdom, as may render the Modern Libertinism and Indecencies of this Nation, more apparently remarkable, than those of our Predecessors. Charles and his Court were of a Piece-----George and his are of a quite different Pattern.

The

DEDICATION.

The strictest and most comprehensive laws of Men, cannot be so aptly framed as to apply a remedy, or scourge, to many of the crimes and enormities daily practised in the world. Satire, therefore, is an useful Supplement to legislation. When a Culprit escapes out of the hands of justice, he should always be hanged in effigy. This resource, then, in some sort, serves to supply the office of CENSOR, which it was thought necessary to establish in the antient Commonwealth of Rome.

The sharp pen of Aretin once made most of the Sovereign Princes of Europe

DEDICATION.

rope his tributaries ; and the keen Iambics of Archilochus and Hipponax, who, without vanity I may say, were not better Poets than we, are said to have driven the persons who were the subjects of them, to such acts of desperation, as to hang and drown themselves. I should be sorry to hear of so tragical an effect being produced by the lines of my spirited Compeer or me ; for though I bear hatred to vice, I harbour no malevolence, even to the vicious ; but if our strictures should conduce towards the reformation, the contrition, or repentance, of the several objects of our reproof, we may be said to have performed some service,

DEDICATION.

service, at least, to the Common-wealth
of Morals. Such as they are, you are
most heartily welcome to them; and
that you may receive the full benefit
of their intention is the sincere wish
of,

MADAM, or, My LADY,

Your most humble,

And obedient Servant,

BELPHEGOR.

DEDICATION

Presented at the Court of the
of the Court. Such is the
most hearty welcome to them; and
that you may receive the full benefit
of their attention is the desire of

Madam or Mr. Justice

Your most humble

And obedient servant

REAPHER-GOR

ADVERTISEMENT.

BY THE

EDITORS.

WHEN the following Poem was put into our hands, we thought it necessary to write Notes on some of the passages, in order to render the Text more clear and intelligible ; for though the Author, in his Preface, takes the liberty of comparing himself to *Juvenal*, we are of opinion that he more resembles *Persius* ; whose writings are both more severe, and obscure. But in some places, indeed, he has spoken rather too plain ; which has induced us to leave out several of his lines, as may be seen by the asterisks, in some of the following pages.

E

THE HISTORY OF THE

REVOLUTION OF 1789

THE HISTORY OF THE
REVOLUTION OF 1789
IN FRANCE
BY
M. DE LA HARPE
VOLUME I
LONDON
PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD
1790

THE
D I A B O - L A D Y.

A
P O E M.

DIARY

P. O. M.

18

T H E
D I A B O - L A D Y.

*Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido;
Quamvis Elysios miretur Græcia campos,
Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem.*

VIRG. Georg. I.

** now seated on the Infernal Throne, (a)
Thought it not good the DEVIL should be alone;
And

(a) See The Diaboliad, last line.

70 THE DIABO-LADY.

And so resolved to marry, if a Wife,
Fit Confort, could be found, to match his life.

- “ Shall I, said he, who ne’er obey’d a God,
“ Observe his precepts in my own abode ;
“ Refrain my acts within the Christian scope,
“ And whore in celibacy, like the POPE ?
“ What tho’ I’m head of that Hierarchal
“ Scheme,
“ Which deems it sin in Priest to quench their
“ flame
“ In Marriage rites ; yet Modern Records tell,
“ Tho’ made in Heaven, they are confirm’d in
“ Hell.
“ Since such the present state of Wedlock, I,
“ As Priest and Devil, will the adventure try.
“ Besides the Pagan system is my Creed,
“ And in that antient ritual all may read,
“ That

“ That Pluto our great Prototype, had wed

“ A mortal female to his throne and bed.” (b)

He said; then sent his Imps thro’ Earth to
rove,

And chuse a Paramour for SATAN’s love

The ready Ministers of Hell’s commands

Obedient fly, and take their several stands

At COURT, CORNELY’s, and the COTERIE;

Where Vice, more vicious by effrontery,

Fearless, unblushing, braves the eternal laws

Of GOD and MAN, to aid the DEVIL’s cause.

From

(b) The Poet may possibly be reprehended here, by some Critics or Divines, for the confusion of theology that may be objected to this passage. But as the good old proverb says, that *Example is better than precept*, we shall refer his defence, first, to Ariosto, or Tasso, I forget which, for I am but a poor scholar in the *bastard Latin* Authors, where the Heathen mythology and the Christian system are mixed together in the same scene; and, next, to Rubens, who in his Luxemburgh Gallery has made Hymen and St. Denis (I think it is) jointly preside at the marriage of Henry IV.

From these resorts the Imps of SATAN chose
 So hopeful a Seraglio, that 'twould pose
 The DEVIL himself to judge the equal claims
 To Hell's Sultanaship, between such Dames;
 Who eager all to obtain Infernal sway,
 In order thus prefer their several plea.

Mr. Kedd First * appeared, and to conviction swore,
 Her smallest crime was that of being Whore;
 Adultery she added to her plan,
 Defying equally both GOD and Man;
 In forgery and perjury owned such art,
 She palmed the Gold, while others paid the
 smart :

And lest her just pretences should be vain,

Curraus The *Adelphi* P** (c) vouch the tragic scene.

SATAN

(c) Sir T** F** too might have sufficiently supported the same evidence; but, by his not being mentioned in this cause, 'tis to be supposed that his avocations in 'Change-Alley had prevented his appearance yet in Court.

SATAN with pleasure heard the shocking tale,
 But inward griev'd such merits there should fail;
 "The Vice defeats itself," replied the DEVIL,
 "That makes *examples* to deter from evil."

Next ** forward came, as frail as fair *Lady Grosvenor*
 And urged her suit with confidential air:
 "Tho' nobly born," she cried, "and high in life,
 "A spotless Maiden, and an honoured Wife,
 "Yet scorning these, I spurned such humble
 " fame,
 "And boldly sacrificed a Matron's name :
 "My first amour was with a Youth of Blood ; (d) *Cumberland*
 "But here I would not have it understood,
 " That

(d) Lest the equivocation of Titles might lead our readers to mistake the person, we think it proper to acquaint them that this Galant was not the hero of C***, but the one who going to bed *by himself*, was surprized, when he awoke, at *finding himself by himself quite alone*. See certain Love-Letters upon record.

" That 'twas Ambition made me aim so high,
 " No—'twas to aggrandize my infamy ;
 " I chose, to shew all sense of virtue lost,
 " A Swain who nought but pedigree could
 " boast :
 " Ask treach'rous D * *, if you doubt my }
 " word,
 " Who first abetted, then *approved* (e) me }
 " whored,
 " And stamp't the shame she (f) had herself }
 " procured.
 " A first amour is seldom found the last,
 " From hand to hand thro' low intrigues I
 " past ;

" Till

(e) One of the senses of this verb is, in a legal sense, *to accuse, to inform against, or convict* ; from whence the Noun *Approver*. This note had been unnecessary, if Lexiphanes, among the other neglects in his pompous Dictionary, had not left this article imperfect.

(f) A certain Lady of *quality* who was a confidant in the amour, and afterwards proved the *Crim. Con.* in Court.

“ Till satiating the public eye, less rare,
 “ I ceased at length to be the *public care*. (g)
 “ Yet being resolved thro’ all mankind to rove,
 “ I, when neglected, proffered love for love; (h)
 “ And tho’ an Earl’s Coronet I still possess,
 “ *Corona Veneris* (i) was my favourite Crest.”

She paused; when SATAN, with decision
 nice,

Deemed these but petty-larcenies in vice;
 She pilfered from herself, she injured none,
 And therefore was unfit to grace his throne.

“ Thy

(g) *Publica cura*—an expression made use of by Horace, for a Courtisan, L. II. Od. 8.

(h) This was apparently the case at a late Masquerade.

(i) This is not the Myrtle Wreath with which the *Venus Amica* crowns her Votaries, but a certain *Frontlet*, with which her Bastard Sister, the *Venus Meretrix*, is used to stigmatize her Devotees.

76 THE DIABO-LADY.

“ Thy deeds have been so very mean, he cried,
 “ They but prefer you to be * *’s bride : (k)
 “ Besides, to credit your first Shame we’re loath,
 “ As being acquitted on a *Bible-Oath*.” (l)

The next that rose was wanton * * *Lady Digonier*
 With front assured, and dressed *en Cavalier* :
Altieri
 A * * * (m) led her forth, *Jack H* * * * (n)

followed,

While Grooms and Jockeys in full chorus hal-
 looed.

The tale she told ’twere needless to repeat,
 ’Twas *Messalina*’s history compleat ;

She

(k) See *The Diaboliad*, page 31, 2d paragraph.

(l) The Story is upon record, and therefore re-
 quires no note.

(m) A foreign Count with whom we had her first
public amour.

(n) A postilion with whom she had her second.

She loved to ride, and to be ridden too,
And came prepared to *give the Devil his due*.

Inham

Old ** (o) trembled at such vigorous boast,
And quick dismissed her from the Stygian
coast.

Bimbrook

To **'s Cafe in point, (p) he thus alludes,
“ *Rough Riders*, male or female, HELL ex-
cludes.”

Then with a high and all-commanding air,
Slowly advancing, *Starington* *** once fair,
Appeared in distant view. The Cyprian Dame,
Escorted by her MARS, (q) aspired to claim

The

(o) See the Diaboliad, last page, and last line.

(p) See the Diaboliad, p. 31, first paragraph.

(q) We confess ourselves to be in doubt whether the Poet alludes to general C*, or to the Secretary at War, in this passage.

The vacant Crown; but haply on her way
 Perceiving in a nook some Imps at play,
 She turned aside, to learn some sleight of hand,
 To cut, or shuffle, and the game command;
 Some new device, some yet-unpractised cheat,
 To cozen, pilfer, and the Rook compleat.



'This gave advantage to a rival Queen
 To take her place, and prior audience gain.

Strathmore ** now pressed before, and claimed desert,
 For having broke a too fond husband's heart;
 Yet to the joys of marriage-rites still true,
 Ere one was dead, she had engaged with
 two:

The first she jilted, being thought too tame,
N. Stoney Preferred the Bully of her ticklish fame,
 And

And like *Quiteria* in *Cervantes'* Tale,

The bleeding *Basil* wed, *Camacho* (r) left to
rail :



But timorous **, in a fore affright,
Hearing the desperate prowess of her Knight,
Replied, " I dare not to this match agree,
" Who fights my Priests, (s) would play the
" Devil with me."

Then

(r) And his railing has had good effect, we hear, as the Don has got ten thousand pieces, and a good riddance into the bargain, for a release of contract. This is the second Suitor this Heroine bought off. The first was one to whom she had been affianced by her father's will, and who piously attending to the advice of Solomon, *Leave off Contention before it be meddled with*, remitted his claim upon that Condition.

(s) This alludes to a late extraordinary Duel ; but
we

Kingston Then next moved forward, waddling on her
stumps,

A weight to put poor Atlas to his trumps ;

A Dame that late had puzzled heraldry

To say what *Alias* it should stile her by ;

Who, had she been but born in days of
yore,

Would have given Hercules one labour more ;

For sure no mortal Might for her was able,

But his who cleansed the foul Augean Stable.

By

we cannot see why the Poet has taken the liberty of putting the Noun into the Plural Number here; for the Member of the Church Militant in that martial strife, is but one; and we cannot suppose our Author meant to compliment him with the name of *Legion*—Nor is that Reverend Person yet in possession of *Pluralities*, either. In our Second Edition perhaps we may be able to explain this matter further.

By Nature wanton, false, and prone to ill,
 Beauty she had, and wicked wit at will;
 Consistent still in Vice, from first to last,
 Thro' scenes of *many-coloured* (t) life she past.
 Not brooking long in amorous flames to
 burn,
 She whored or wedded, as it served her
 turn;
 She married and unmarried as she pleased,
 While Lords (u) and Doctors Commons stood
 amaz'd!
 But now grown wiser, she resolv'd to fix
 Her seat of empire on the banks of Styx;

F

But

(t) An Epithet of Doctor Johnson's, in his Prologue to the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre.

(u) The House of Lords.

But first enquired, " Are any here who knew

Jack " A Devil on earth, whom Men call *Le Boiteux* ? (x)

" For vengeance on him, even to *Hell's-gates*

(y) I come ;

" And know, my Liege, I'm just arrived from

" Rome : (z)

" On

(x) Our Aristophanes, or *Devil upon Two Sticks*, with whom this Lady held a sort of Mountebank Correspondence, upon the occasion of a Piece of his then coming out, in which some part of her *private* history of *public* notoriety, was to be exhibited on the stage.

(y) The Author we suppose, meant here to allude to one of her Letters upon the above occasion ; but he is mistaken in the passage ; the Lady did not promise to carry her complaisance so far. As well as we can recollect, she only mentioned that she would attend him to *Tyburn*, and then leave him to shift for himself, and go to the *Devil his own way*.

(z) She had lately a villa near that City, and lived in great intimacy with the Pope.

“ On earth he made my Hell; and have

“ not I,

“ As Satan’s Queen, (a) a right to make him

“ fry?

“ What music to my ears, to hear him

“ yell,

“ And make his *Trip to Calais*, (b) one to

“ Hell!

“ Above he ’scaped my utmost spite and

“ power,

“ Grant me revenge, I ask no other Dower!

F 2

“ And

(a) This expression was rather premature—She was but presumptive Consort. But, perhaps, she thought she might do to Hell as she had done on Earth, and marry whom she pleased, right or wrong.

(b) This Piece was afterwards represented; but whether through fear, favour, or fee, was so garbled, as soon to sink into oblivion.

“ And rest my Suit for justice, on this
 “ hope,

“ That I am recommended by the Pope.” (c)

Who saw and heard her pleading, must confess,

Sh’had *Falstaff’s* flesh, and wit, and wickedness;

Tho’ some there were who thought her wanton
 plight

Resembled more *Doll Tear-Sheet*, than the
Knight.

Yet

(c) These two Potentates have ever been in strict confederacy together; and his infallible Holiness has sent more souls to SATAN’S empire, by his *pardons, absolutions and indulgences*, than ever were dispatched thither from the *Scaffold or the Gallows*.

Yet SATAN cried, " Thy claim I must deny,

" For want of one Vice more, Hypocri-
" sy ; (d)

" Your barefaced Sinners are not worth my
" notice,

" Demure pretending Saints, *hoc est in vo-*
" *tis.* (e)

" Then

(d) This was the answer of the late Lord Chesterfield, to a profligate Parson who was recommended to him as a Chaplain, once, when he was going Ambassador to *The States*. There were scandalous persons in those times, it seems, as well as in the present ones.

— (e) This is a Sentence from Horace, but falsely quoted.—The Verb Substantive *Sum* is in the preter-imperfect tense there, but turned into the present time here. This is one of the vices of verse, which, like the tyranny of Procrustes, lengthens or shortens the

" Then back return, re-wed your former

" Peer,

" And taste an Hell on earth, ere you come

" here."

The Court was now disturbed. A jovial

troop

Of female libertines appeared *en groupe*;

O—, B—, E—, B— *Barrimore*

H—, T— *Townsend*, and a Hundred more;

Which noisy Amazons made such a riot,

That SATAN thought 't had been a Polish

Dict.

" Zounds!"

the members, according as they suit its own measure. But possibly our Author, who is an adept in metaphysics, may reply, that there is no distinction of times or tenses, in the Region of Spirits—the past, the present, and the future being all the instant *now*, among immortal beings.

“Zounds!” quoth he, in a rage, “whence

“this abuse?”

“Call up my guards—What! is all Hell broke

“loose?”

The deafened Cryer thrice proclaimed, *O Yes!*

And Imps and Implings (f) gave a general
hiss.

Silence at last obtained, each strove to

shew

Her several right *to rule the roast below;*

’Till

(f) We have looked for this diminutive, of a diminutive, in Johnson’s Dictionary, in vain.—We are, therefore, at a loss for sufficient authority to support the word, except we may suppose it an allusion to the vulgar expression, which is sometimes applied to a demure Sinner, *that he is as innocent as a Devil of Two Years old.*

'Till SATAN tired with prate, thus made
reply ;

“ Your claims so like, and equal are, that I

“ Can see no choice, except Polygamy :

“ But when my future Queen takes state upon

“ her,

“ Ye shall be all preferred to—*Maidr of Ho-*

“ *neur.*” (g)

The scene now shifted, on the stage ap-
pears

The Sock and Buskin Heroines, linked in
pairs ;

(g) Here the Devil seems to have been a little out,
in the point of Etiquette ; for as this illustrious
groupe are all Matrons, he could only appoint them
as *Ladies of the Bed Chamber.*

Bring yeats
 B— and Y— first trail the purple train }
Abington Baddely
 Next A— and B— intervene, }
young
 'Twixt Y— and B—, who close the }

Scene.

Their Plea was modest, which is something
 rare,

In any Modern male or female Player; (h)
 For, not presuming on their own demerits,
 Their puny Vices, in this land of *spi-*
rits,

They only claim'd, that having acted Queens
 On COVENT GARDEN and old DRURY'S
 scenes,

And

(h) Our Author's Sarcastism here is, in general, too
 true; for we know but few exceptions to the re-
 mark.

And being *Shadows* in the mimic show,
 Their rank they challenged in the *Shades* below;

And thought themselves intitled to obtain
 An equal dignity in PLUTO's reign. (i)

SATAN, who has wit and humour, if he'd
 shew it,

For who but him made ROCHESTER a
 Poet?

Or

(i) A poetical licence again! See our former Note, upon a similar passage, in p. 2. But probably the Author meant to be critical, in this place, by making a distinction here between the imaginary Tartarus of the Pagan Creed, and the real Hell of the Christian belief. In the first, Souls were but *Shadows*, which was too metaphysical a notion to sway the multitude. But the latter doctrine tells us, that we shall *pick up our Crumbs* again at the day of judgment, in order to receive *corporal punishment*. This is sensible, substantial, and edifying.

Or who the Author of the *Henriade* (k)
 Inspired to write the filthy *Pucellade*? (l)
 Or instigated the *Diabolade*? (m)

Thus, with a sly, Sardonic smile replied :

“ Your claim, fair Puppets, must be here de-
 nied ;

“ For

(k) M. Voltaire.

(l) *La Pucelle d' Orleans*, or, the Maid of Orleans.

(m) *The Diabolade*, for *The Diaboliad*. The first should have been the Title, by all rules of Derivation. 'Tis a Substantive, and the latter is an Adjective. *Diaboliadus*, *da*, *dum*. Besides the justness of the alteration in the Word, our Author might have had a further interest in it, also, as his own Title of *Diabo-Lady* derives more fairly from one word than the other.

" For hear a truth, a truth for once I'll tell :
 " Whate'er your state, while on earth ye
 " dwell,
 " Your Green-room Dolls are *Kitchen Maids*
 " in Hell." (n)

At length with dimpling cheek, and leering
 eye,

Long noted in the rolls of Infamy,

Fitzroy **stept forth and claim'd the vacant crown,

For every crime that bears in Hell renown.

Her

(n) This is meant in Opposition to *Maids of Honour* above-mentioned ; as he did not think their station or character in life, entitled them to any higher office in the Household of the *Pandemonium*.

Her argument she thus maintained with force,
 Recounting deeds of blame from bad to
 worse :

“ Tho’ blest with beauty, rank and powers to

“ engage,

“ To charm in Youth, and win *Time-honour’d* (o)

“ age,

“ Yet still ambitious of a nobler aim,

“ I squandered beauty, dignity, and fame,

“ To earn thy notice, thy loved Empire own,

“ And, *jure infernali*, share thy throne—

“ False to my husband’s bed, I scorned to

“ rove

“ Thro’ common guilt, but chose incestuous

“ love ;

“ I drove

(o) An Epithet borrowed from Shakespeare, in Richard II.

4 THE DIABO-LADY.

“ I drove him to distraction and despair,
“ And then *removed* a Sister and her heir;
“ To make Succession sure, and seal the deed,
“ Which helped my spurious issue to suc-
“ ceed (*p*)

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“ Of favours profligate and nothing nice,
“ In many another mean ignoble vice ;

“ I gamboled,

(*p*) This is an old Story ; and we confess that we agree in the same Charity with the good old Woman, who, hearing of *the Passion*, one Sunday at Church, said, that, *as it was so long ago, she hoped in the Lord that it was not true.*

“ I gamboled, and I gambled deep at play,

“ And raised finances in less legal way ;

“ I *sweated* gold, (q) and practised every

“ cheat,

“ Which, known to thee, I need not here

“ repeat.

“ My deeds with thine compared, in every

“ art,

“ Prove me in all—thy worthy counterpart :

“ In fine, to crown my merits, you shall find

“ I’m the reverse of her you left behind :

“ Nay more, to shew me fit to share thy

“ sway,

“ Behold, my Liege, my locks, like thine, are

“ grey. (r)

“ Father

(q) Another obsolete Story.

(r) See the Diaboliad, page 47.

" Father of Lies! accept my proffered hand,
 " What richer portion canst thou now de-
 " mand;
 " For e'en to all the Russias shou'dst thou rove,
 " I equal CATHERINE, both in hate and love;
 " And were SEMIRAMIS herself alive,
 " With her in deeds of darkness I dare strive."

The listening Imps with wonder stood
 amazed,
 And at each period subtler sulphur blazed;
 While at a distance, on the Elysian Plains,
 Where even the Blest re-act their former scenes
 Of mortal life, was seen in gesture wild,
A mournful Mother weeping o'er her child. (s)

The

(s) See page 77, Line 10.

The astonish'd Court sat silent all the while,
 SATAN *grinned horribly a ghastly smile*; (t)
 Then cried, "Resolved—I swear by Sacred

"Styx,

"On thy alliance my firm choice I fix."

The nuptial torches yield a brimstone flame,
 And Heralds are commanded to proclaim,
 With Ætna's thunders, and infernal Yell,

Fitzing "*** is crowned unrivalled Queen of Hell!"

(t) *Grinned horribly, &c.*

MILTON.

F I N I S.

THE DIABOLICAL

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